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THE

## HISTORY

OF

Master Wathins.

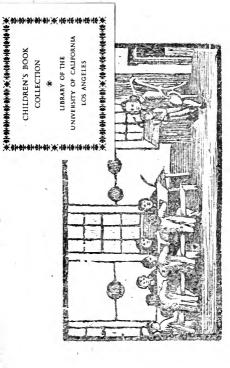
To which is added, The TRAGICAL DEATH

OF AN

APPLE-PIE.



Price One Penny.



THE

#### HISTORY

OF

#### MASTER WATKINS.

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MASTER Watkins avoided the company of all genteel youths, and chose very vulgar ignorant boys for his playfellows, of whom he could learn nothing but improper language, and rude behaviour.

Oneday, a little boy coming to the door with a present of fruit from his mother to Madam Watkins, the young gen-

tleman told him his mamma was not at home; but, says he you shall stay and play with me in the garden. I thank you, Sir, answered the little boy, but my mother desired me to make haste back, and I would not disobey her on any account; if she chooses that I should come, I will, if you please, return again. You had better stay now you are here, replied Master Watkins. No, indeed, Sir, said the good George Steady, (for that was the little boy's name,) I could not stay with pleasure unless my mother had given

me leave. He then ran home as fast as possible, told her of Master Watkins' invitation, and asked her if she wanted him. She praised him very much for being so dutiful, and told him he might go as soon as he had been for her cow.



He obeyed with the utmost readiness, and asked if he could do any thing else for her? She thanked him for his desire of being serviceable to her, but said she wanted nothing more, and bid him go and take his diversion.

Little George returned in about half an hour, when he found Master Watkins eagerly expecting him. After they had played for some time, Master Watkins asked his playfellow to eat some of the strawberries he had brought: No, I thank you Sir, said he, my mother sent

them to your mamma, and therefore they are neither yours nor mine; if Mrs. Watkins was at home and had asked me, I should have liked very well to have eat a few, but indeed I had rather not have any now. Master Watkins blushed with shame, on finding himself so much excelled by this pretty little boy: and surely he had cause to blush, for it is a very bad thing to offer that to another which is not our own property to give; but as even the oldest are not always the wisest, therefore young folk ought to be particularly careful, and listen to prudent maxims.

Just at this moment the coach returned with Mrs. Watkins, who hearing from the servants who attended her son the manner in which George Steady had behaved, was extremely pleased with him.

She treated him with fruit, gave him two or three books, and told Master Watkins, that if he would always chuse from among his inferiors such playfellows as little George, he would improve in his duty and behaviour, and would be

a proper companion for any young gentleman; for remember, added she, that it is neither fine clothes, nor money, but proper behaviour which distinguishes the good boy. Take my word for it, he who wishes to be beloved, must be kind and obliging to all; for without a good disposition and gentleness of manners, the richest and prettiest boy will be contemptible.



### TRAGICAL DEATH

OF AN

# APPLE-PIE.

Which was cut in Pieces, and eat by Twenty-five Gentlemen, with whom all good Children should be well acquainted.

AN Apple-pie when it looks nice,

Would make one long to have a slice.

And if it's taste should prove so too,

I fear one slice will hardly do.

So to prevent my asking twice, Pray, Mamma, cut a good large slice.



The letters on a time agreed, Upon an Apple-pie to feed. But as there seem'd to be so

Those who were last might

not have any,

Unless some method there was taken,

That every one might save his bacon.

They all agreed to stand in order,

Around the Apple-Pie's fine border; Take turns as they in horn

Take turns as they in horn books stand,

From great A, down to & So being at their dinner sat,

So being at their dinner sat, Some eat, while others thus chit-chat.



slice,
Says B, a little bit, but nice,
Says C, cut me a piece of crust
Take it says D, 'tis dry as dust,
Says E, 1'll eat now fast, who

Says A, give me a good large

will,
Says F, I now shall have my

Says G, it is as hard as horn, Says H, a little bit I scorn, Says I, I love the syrup best, And K, the very same confest, Says L, there's nothing more I love,

Says M, it makes your teeth to move,
N notic'd all that others said,

O all their plates around survey'd,

P prais'd the cook up to the

P prais'd the cook up to the life,

Q quarrell'd, 'cause he'd a bad knife,

Says Rit runs short I'm afraid, S silent sat, and nothing said, Says T, by talking we lose time,

U thought it was at meals, a crime,

W wish'd there'd been a quince in,

Says X, eat on, let's not be mincing, Says Y, I'll eat, let others

wish,

Z sat as mute as any fish.

Z sat as mute as any fish, While & he lick'd the dish.

FINIS.

(Maroden, Printer, Chelmaford.)





